

# Good Morning 602

The Daily Paper of the Submarine Branch  
With the co-operation of the Office of Admiral (Submarines)

## This is Your Last Chance to Get Rich

IRELAND adopts a somewhat tolerant attitude towards the three-card trick and the machinations of the people who work it. We are, wrongly, I think, apt to regard the whole business as a sort of colourful adjunct of the racing and sporting world.

Not long ago, in the Dublin Courts, an official, with an innocence worthy of a better cause, declared that if honestly played it was a game of chance! Actually, the three-card trick is a swindle.

Never, at any time in its history, was it any better than a swindle, and it has no other object than robbery—without violence if possible.

The game is not native to Ireland; the trick took root in all parts of the English-speaking world.

Under the high-falutin' name of "Three-Card Monte," one runs up against it in the more unsophisticated and innocent parts of the United States. It became attached, quite unofficially, to small-time circuses and travelling shows, operated by gangs of nomadic hooligans, who may travel thousands of miles in twelve months. Although their pickings may not be large, they manage a regular income, for ready-made audiences are always at hand to give themselves up to the slaughter.

The "lay-out" for the game as we know it in Ireland is delightfully simple.

Three ordinary playing cards, with the backs strengthened with extra pasteboard, are needed. These are two low cards and a Queen (afterwards politely referred to as the "Lady").

The cards are played and manipulated on the back of an umbrella or a tiny folding

The ancient and dishonourable game of "Find the Lady" or the "Three Card Trick" still flourishes in Ireland, and exactly how the tricksters work is here explained by DEREK ALEXANDER.

table about the size of a shooting stick, which can be whipped up and hidden if the game is interrupted or broken up at the arrival of the police.

One of the gang carries a greasy raincoat for concealing the business equipment—a "smother" being the technical term given by pickpockets to this garment.

The actual manipulator of the cards, or "boards," is a skilled artisan in this particular line. He can do things with cards that many an experienced stage conjurer would envy; he seems to invest them with a life of their own as soon as they are in his hands.

This gentleman never works alone! As many as half-a-dozen satellites or "bluers-in" will be attached to one three-card trick outfit. Their main job is to direct the attention of the crowd to the astounding innocence of the principal.

As soon as the principal picks up the cards and begins a parrot-like patter about "the quickness of the hand deceiving the eye" and "a last chance to get rich quick," he seems also to have been struck blind, for he is com-

C.P.O. Fred Flack—Here's how to look after a baby

pletely unconscious to things that go on all around him.

The "bluers-in," who act as a type of unofficial croupiers, appear to take the most extraordinary risks. They turn up the corners of cards, and even briefly expose to the audience two of the three cards whilst the chief is "not looking."

Altogether, their conduct is so outrageous that it would get them debarred from the card-room of any reasonably well-conducted club!

Then other members of the gang will come forward and plump a dirty note or two on the "Lady" with the corner so invitingly turned up. Moreover, these members will be paid.

At this stage some interested spectator will risk his money.

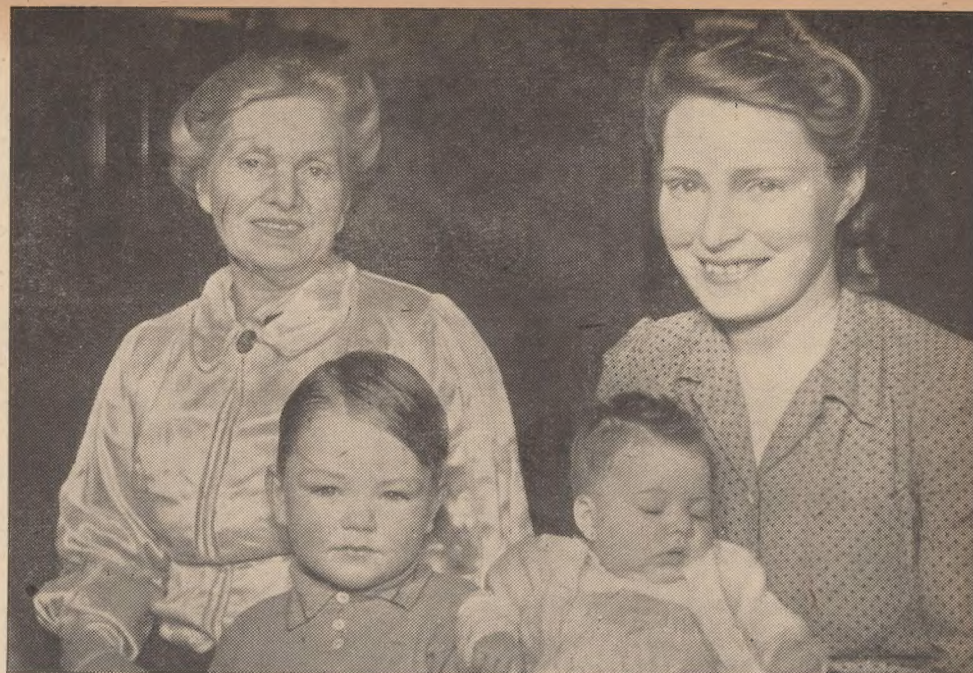
It seems like the chance of a lifetime, and, overcoming moral scruples about taking such an unfair advantage of the principal, he turns over the marked card and promptly loses his cash.

A fallacy which often tempts an outsider to bet is that he probably has heard it said that one is allowed to win at the first attempt as an inducement for bigger wagers. But don't you believe it!

Such inducements are about as mythical as the fabled Indian rope trick; people have still to see it happen. The three-card man never pays out anything except on the fake wagers of his cronies.

What happens, you may wonder, if some casual punter ignores turned-up corners and whistles information and stakes a pound actually on the elusive Lady? Does he get paid? Not on your life!

A faked row is immediately started; the card expert slides away into the back of the



THE tea your wife brewed for us when we called at 112 Mildmay Road, Romford, tasted far better than that beverage you forced us to drink at the Prince of Wales, Chatham, not so long ago, C.P.O. Fred Flack, D.S.M.

With a wife who makes tea like that, we can't think why you ever go along to the United Services Club. It must be for the snooker!

Young Freddy seemed pleased to see us, and he was very anxious to show us his little Lillian. He very proudly informed us that she can smile and laugh and cry, and he certainly seems to be looking after her well while you are away.

Just to show you how he does it, "Good Morning" cameraman "Fuse" Wilson snapped the two children alone, and got a

charming picture. You'll find it on the back page, Fred.

What about winning some more football medals to show young Freddy when you get home, Fred? Your wife is still teaching him the rules of the game, and if you leave it too long before getting back you'll find him beating you at the game.

When Freddy isn't looking after his sister, he still plays with that garage you made for him, and while the snow lasted he had the time of his life with the toboggan.

Until you're home, Fred, Freddy, Lillian, your wife, and her mother will miss you, and they and all the regulars at the Club, including Tom, the steward, are waiting for your return.

crowd; his satellites, in an assumed endeavour to assist the disappointed gambler in getting justice, push and shove vigorously in opposite directions; the scam then breaks up and dissolves into the surrounding crowd, and all sign of the card party vanishes like the Lady.

Later in the afternoon, perhaps under a different skipper, they take up their game again.

They are devout believers in the phrase of the old showman, P. T. Barnum—"There's a fool born every minute—and most of 'em live."

The earnings from these al fresco games, in Ireland, at least, cannot be large. Genuine bets and wagers of more than £1 or ten shillings are not frequent, and the games are constantly broken up by police.

The best "killings" are made in railway carriages, where they have their victims more or less at their mercy. Very often they will "trail" some innocent-looking punter whom they know has completed a lucky day at the races.

But even then one must remember that the "winnings"

have to be divided—perhaps into five or six portions. Many of the three-card trick gangs in the slack times go on the "whizz"—which is good underworld slang for picking pockets.

One particular three-card trick outfit in England was never seen near a racecourse. They only worked the trains running from the docks of the big seaport towns. They were perpetually on the lookout for freshly-paid sailors, who often carried wallets of money.

Many of these unfortunate seamen have been fleeced of large sums—sometimes £50 or

£100—before they had been twenty minutes on dry land. They would begin by losing a few pounds, chase their money in an effort to recoup the losses, and then have a plunge in desperation, risking the rest of their money on a turned-up corner card that was not the Lady. It's a very dirty game.

Nothing hopeful can be said about the three-card trick and the gangs who operate it.

In the queer social scale of the sporting underworld, three-card trick men probably run a dead-heat for last place with the out-and-out pickpockets.

## Romans had a "Local"

"COMING to have a drink, chum?"

"We'll just pop round to the local."

"How about a quick one at 'The Chequers'?"

The Romans had words for it, too. They had their little places round the corner where the wine was a bit better than anywhere else.

Take the Roman city of Herculaneum, destroyed by volcanic eruption of Vesuvius in the year 79. Beneath the crust of the lava that poured out, drowning the city, were nine hundred pubs—nine hundred of them! There must have been a bit of carousing in Herculaneum before the night of the fire.

And the Romans did themselves well. The best pubs had bathing pools attached to them where the customers could have a dip before getting down to serious business, and the landlord always had every kind of delicacy ready for his guests.

But Nero (the fiddler) spoilt all that. For some reason or other he made a law that the pubs should serve only one sort of food—boiled vegetables. After that, the Romans didn't pay a visit to the "local" till after suppertime.

Although the Romans didn't have darts, they had plenty of other games in the bar-room. The most popular was draughts, or checkers, and it is said that the sign of "The Chequers" which you come across in many parts of Britain dates from as far back as the Roman pubs.

The women who carried round the vases of wine for the customers—usually the landlord's wife and daughters—wore a special tucked-up dress.

Drinking vessels were usually of metal, but sometimes of earthenware. And then, as now, the pint pots had a way of disappearing, and as they were expensive, the landlord sometimes had them attached to chains which were fixed to posts.

The Saxons had public-houses where, to quote one authority, they "drank very hard" out of earthenware pots. They had their "eala-hus" (ale-house), their "win-hus" (wine-house), and their "cumen-house" (inn). A Saxon wassail-making was an awe-inspiring sight, and there wasn't much furniture left in the "cumen-house" after a bunch of Saxons had had a night ashore.

Their favourite drink was mead, made with honey, which was allowed to ferment, but ale and beer were welcome, too. And in those days beer was beer!

D. N. K. BAGNALL.

## Family News and Views for P.O. Doug. Headlong

YOUR four year old son John will be waiting to know what you have brought for him, next time you go home to 10, Kings-road, Newbury, Berks, P.O. Doug Headlong.

When we called there, your wife told us that young John's first question when you get home is always, "What have you brought for me, Daddy?" It won't be long before you get home and have David asking the same question.

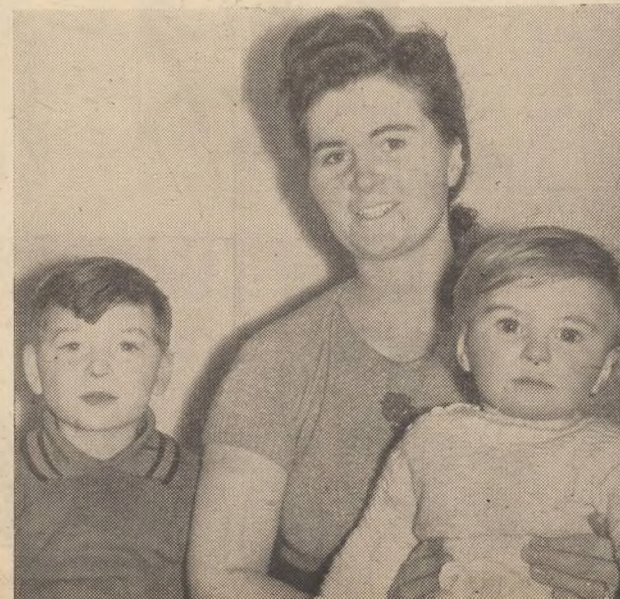
Your younger son is certainly growing up in a hurry, and it won't be long before he is joining John in trying to persuade you to take them down to the Park for a game of football.

It doesn't look as though it will be very long before you have another sailor in the family Doug. John is always talking about the Navy, and is getting very interested in ships.

Your sister Edith, in Victoria-street, is looking forward to having a drink or two with you when you're next home, and you can't disappoint your sister, can you, Doug?

Both your mother and father are well, and news from Hedley reaches your wife quite regularly. She also hears from your sister Ivy, at Thatcham, and reports that she, too, is quite well.

Both your children received presents from America this Christmas, and they were certainly getting plenty of use while we were there.



We ALWAYS write to you, if you write first to "Good Morning," c/o Press Division, Admiralty, London, S.W.1

## ALEX CRACK

"When I was in hospital all my friends rallied round and came to see me every visiting day."

"You must have very nice friends."

"Yes, and I had a very nice nurse."

# Cub Reporter Licks Censor Senseless

VESEY was the best photograph hustler in the office. Scott said it was because no living human being could resist the personal triumph it was to hand his picture over to Vesey. Vesey always wrote his own news stories, except the big ones, which were sent to the rewrite men. Add to this fact that among all the inhabitants, temples, and groves of the earth nothing existed that could abash Vesey, and his dim sketch is concluded.

Vesey butted into the circle of cipher readers very much as Heffelbauer's "code" would have done, and asked what was up. Some one explained, with the touch of half-familiar condescension that they always used toward him.

Vesey reached out and took

the cablegram from the m. e.'s hand. Under the protection of some special Providence, he was always doing appalling things like that, and coming off unscathed.

"It's a code," said Vesey. "Anybody got the key?"

"The office has no code," said Boyd, reaching for the message.

Vesey held to it.

"Then old Calloway expects us to read it, anyhow," said he.

"He's up a tree, or something, and he's made this up so as to get it by the censor. It's up to us.

Gee! I wish they had sent me, too. Say—we can't afford to fall down on our end of it. 'Fore-

gone, preconceived rash, witching'—h'm."

Vesey sat down on a table

corner and began to whistle softly, frowning at the cablegram.

"Let's have it, please," said the m. e. "We've got to get to work on it."

"I believe I've got a line on it," said Vesey. "Give me ten minutes."

He walked to his desk, threw his hat into a waste-basket, spread out flat on his chest like

a gorgeous lizard, and started his pencil going. The wit and wisdom of the Enterprise remained in a

loose group, and smiled at one another, nodding their heads to-

ward Vesey. Then they began to exchange their theories about the

minutes. He brought to the m. e. message he intended us to get."

Vesey handed out another sheet of paper.

"I felt the swing of it as soon as I saw it," said Vesey.

"Hurrah for old Calloway! He's done the Japs and every

paper in town that prints literature instead of news. Take a

look at that."

Thus had Vesey set forth the

reading of the code:

Foregone—conclusion

Preconceived—arrangement

Rash—act

Witching—hour of midnight

Goes—without saying.

Muffled—report

Rumour—hath it

Mine—host

Dark—horse

Silent—majority

Unfortunate—pedestrians

Richmond—in the field

Existing—conditions

Great—White Way

Hotly—contested

Brute—force

Select—few

Mooted—question

Parlous—times

Beggars—description

Ye—correspondent

Angel—unawares

Incontrovertible—fact

"It's simply newspaper

English," explained Vesey. "I've

been reporting on the Enterprise

of the Enterprise remained in a

long enough to know it by heart.

Old Calloway gives us the cue word,

another, nodding their heads to-

ward Vesey. Then they began to

exchange their theories about the

minutes. He brought to the m. e. message he intended us to get."

Vesey handed out another sheet of paper.

Concluded arrangement to act a

hour of midnight without saying.

Report hath it that a large body of

cavalry and an overwhelming force

of infantry will be thrown into the

field. Conditions white. Way

contested by only a small force.

Question the "Times" descrip-

tion. Its correspondent is unaware

of the facts.

"Great stuff!" cried Boyd

excitedly. "Kuroki crosses the

Yalu to-night and attacks. Oh,

## Concluding CALLOWAY'S CODE By O. HENRY

we won't do a thing to the sheets Ames was the king-pin, the that make up with Addison's snowy-petalled marguerite, the essays, real estate transfers, and star-bright looloo of the rewrite men. He saw attempted murder

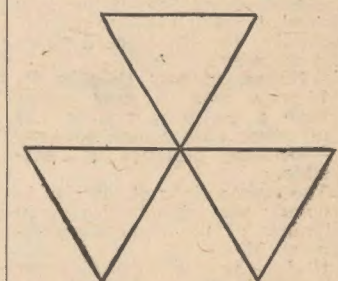
"Mr. Vesey," said the m. e., in the pains of green-apple colic, cyclones in the summer zephyr, "you lost children in every top-spinning urchin, an uprising of the down-trodden masses in every hurling of a derelict potato at a passing auto-mobile. When not rewriting, Ames sat on the porch of his Brooklyn villa playing checkers with his ten-year-old son.

"You have also assisted materially in giving us the biggest 'beat' of the year. I will let you know in a day or two whether you are to be discharged or retained at a larger salary. Somebody send Ames to me."

They did so now; and in words of fire Ames translated Calloway's brief message into a front page masterpiece that set the world talking.

(Continued on Page 3)

## PUZZLE CORNER



Add three straight lines to these three triangles and get 13 triangles (of any size).  
(Solution in No. 603.)

## USELESS EUSTACE



"What's a blotter? The ignorance of the boy! A blotter's something you look for while the ink dries! See?"

## I get around

RON RICHARDS'

COLUMN



ONE of Portsmouth's most virile centres of drama and music is the Royal Naval Three Arts Club. This club, which comprises officers and ratings of the Royal Navy and W.R.N.S., was founded by artistes of the professional and amateur theatre, in order to preserve their peace-time interests.

At the moment this is the only organisation of its kind in the Service, although the ideas which it has produced are shortly to be extended to the Navy beyond these shores. A revue called "Sweet and Sour," for which the music and lyrics have been written by members of the club, is about to be presented before naval audiences at Continental ports.

Many of the players in this new revue were students at the Royal Academy of Dramatic Art and other schools of acting, while others were on the professional stage.



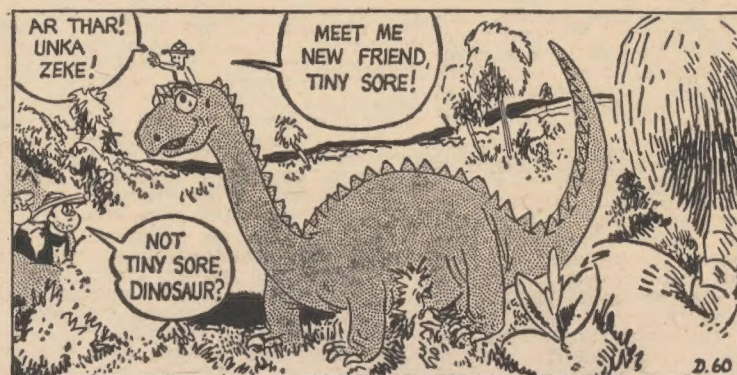
CARADOC EVANS, Welsh novelist and playwright, who created a storm of uproar in the Principality a few years ago by his bitter criticism of the Welsh, and who delighted in caricature, in the view of Welshmen, died in Aberystwyth Hospital, aged 66.

He has been described as "the best hated man in Wales!" "My People" and "Taffy," two of his books, shocked many of his countrymen, who averred that they distorted life in rural Wales. The book "Taffy" was publicly burned in a refuse destructor at Barry, Glam. He was denounced in the Welsh Press and pulpit for the violence of his criticisms.



GRANDMA Mrs. Margaret James, of Ciltynydd, near Pontypridd, is a munitions worker in a million. White haired, with face wreathed in smiles, she is a real top-notcher at one of the B.O.A.C. factories at which aircraft engines are repaired. She has three sons serving in the Army and 20 grandchildren, of whom the eldest has already joined the Merchant Navy.

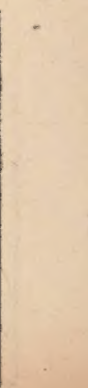
## BEELZEBUB JONES



## BELINDA



## POPEYE



# WANGLING WORDS—541

1. Behead a feathered creature and get another.  
2. In the following proverb both the words and the letters in them have been shuffled. What is it?—Vareb het nutrofe rovasuf.  
3. In the following, the two missing words contain the same letters in different order: We have \_\_\_\_\_ six games out of ten.  
4. What town in South Africa has TO for the exact middle of its name?

## Answers to Wangling Words— No. 540

- 1. N-e-ar
- 2. A watched pot never boils.
- 3. Team mate.
- 4. MelbOurne.

# JANE



# CALLOWAY'S CODE

He told of the secret councils its complementary words "of bat- of the Japanese officers; gave tie." But it went to Ames "con- Kuroki's flaming speeches in full; ditions white," and of course he counted the cavalry and infantry took that to mean snow. His to a man and a horse; described description of the Japanese army the quick and silent building of struggling through the snow-storm, the bridge at Suikauchen, across blinded by the whirling flakes, which the Mikado's legions were was thrillingly vivid. The artists turned out some effective illustrations that made scattered along the river. And the a hit as pictures of the artillery battle!—well, you know what dragging their guns through the Ames can do with a battle if drifts. But, as the attack was you give him just one smell of made on the first day of May the smoke for a foundation. "conditions white" excited some amusement. But it made no difference to the Enterprise, anyway. It was wonderful. And Calloway was wonderful in having made the new censor believe that his jargon of words meant no more than a complaint of the dearth of news and a petition for more expense money. And Vessey was wonderful. And most wonderful of all are words, and how they make friends one with another, being oft associated, until not even obituary notices them do part. On the second day following, the

city editor halted at Vessey's desk where the reporter was writing the story of a man who had broken his leg by falling into a coal-hole —Ames having failed to find a murder motive in it.

"The old man says your salary is to be raised to twenty a week," said Scott. "All right," said Vessey. "Every little helps. Say— Mr. Scott, which would you say— 'We can state without fear of successful contradiction,' or, 'On the whole it can be safely as- serted'?"

THE END.

# ALEX CRACKS

"My wife is all right, but sometimes she bluffs about age."

"My wife never bluffs about age—the age of any other woman."

"I hope, sir, you're not worrying about that ten pounds you owe us?"

"No! What's the use of both of us worrying?"

# QUIZ for today

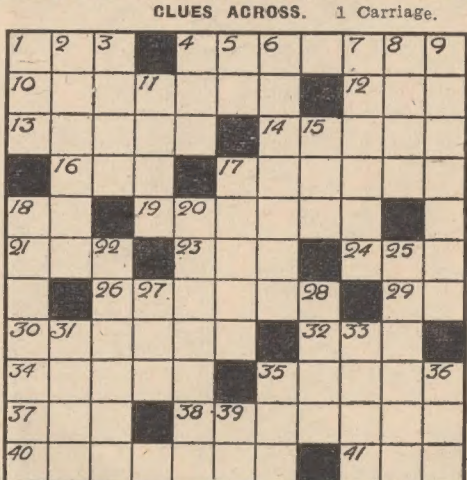
- 1. A thropple is a medieval coin, animal's wind-pipe, stopper with hole in it, bird, needle?
- 2. With what material does a cordwainer work?
- 3. What sort of tradesman is called a "Mr. Dowlas"?
- 4. Why is Connecticut sometimes called the Nutmeg State?
- 5. What is a shotten herring?
- 6. Which of the following is an intruder, and why?— Ethnology, Psychology, Doxology, Entomology, Geology.

## Answers to Quiz in No. 601

- 1. Cheating game.
- 2. Coverdale's Bible (1535); it uses the phrase "bugges by night," instead of "terror by night."
- 3. Completely fermented port, with a deposit or crust of argol on the inside of the bottle.
- 4. Deceitful hope.
- 5. A jettator
- 6. Herbert is not a King's name; others are.

She: "Let us run away and get married, darling."  
He: "Can you cook, sweet-heart?"  
She: "Which do you want—a cook or a lady?"

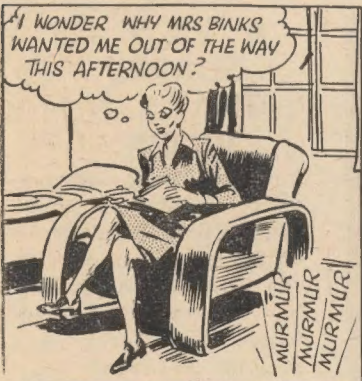
# CROSSWORD CORNER



- CLUES ACROSS. 1 Carriage. 4 Diaphragm. 10 Enliven. 12 Low. 13 Wallet. 14 Frisky jump. 16 Bady. 17 Compendium. 18 Short street. 19 Soften. 21 Through. 23 Baked dish. 24 Study. 26 Disinclined. 29 About. 30 Legal person. 32 Corn receptacle. 34 Keep hold. 35 Spars. 37 Self. 38 Feed. 40 Promoted soldiers. 41 Consumed.
- CLUES DOWN. 1 Fuel. 2 Urge. 3 Lass. 4 Plan. 5 Pronoun. 6 Resolves. 7 Be imminent. 8 Adversaries. 9 Lot of money. 11 Gentle. 15 Space of time. 17 Food shop. 18 Short garment. 20 Table ornament. 22 Food allowance. 25 Boy's name. 27 Vehicle. 28 York. 31 Girl's name. 33 Showy plant. 35 Vehicle. 36 The girl. 39 Otherwise.

TABBY CIDER  
ABLE OUSEL  
NOUN TEACUP  
VETCH BODE  
FED LEVERET  
A AURAL T  
CURFEWS SAY  
EVER ITEMS  
RUBIES LOTS  
LUCRE SKIT  
NASAL BEERY

# RUGGLES



# GARTH



# JUST JAKE



# TO-DAY'S STAR

## Jinx Falkenburg

JINX FALKENBURG in her time has sold thousands of theatre tickets, tons of cigarettes, gallons of perfume, barrels of beer, and a fortune in dresses. She's America's number one model, a girl who has appeared on more covers of national magazines than the most exotic screen star, who has smiled from thousands of billboards, and whose face has meant a fortune for countless advertising agencies. Now she's in the movies, she played her first big featured role in Columbia's "Two Latins from Manhattan," in which she shared top honours with Joan Davis and Joan Woodbury. She has since appeared in "Sing For Your Supper," "Sweetheart of the Fleet," "Lucky Legs," "Laugh Your Blues Away," "Two Senoritas," and her next film will be the Technicolor musical, "Cover Girl," starring Rita Hayworth.

Her real name is Eugenia, after her father, Eugene Falkenburg, a successful California electrical engineer. However, even before she was born her parents were calling her "Jinx," and Jinx it has remained. To-day it's part of her stock-in-trade.

Jinx's birth occurred on January 21, 1919, in Barcelona, Spain, where her father was then working. She soon established herself in one of the few fields of endeavour open to babies. With coaching by her parents, she became an expert swimmer at the age of 18 months.

When the girl was three years old her family moved to Santiago, Chile, where she and her two younger brothers, Tom and Bob, were brought up. During their thirteen years in South America, the Falkenburgs made serious inroads on the athletic titles of that continent. Mrs. Falkenburg becoming tennis champion of Brazil, while Jinx won the swimming championship of Chile.

When Jinx was 16, however, the family went broke during a Chilean revolution, and was forced to leave hurriedly for the United States, minus all their possessions. They settled in Los Angeles, where Mr. Falkenburg is now engineer for the Los Angeles Metropolitan Water District.

It was inevitable that an obvious career should eventually open up for the girl. Paul Hesse, famed photographer, made a picture of her which ran on the cover of American Magazines. This was the forerunner of more than sixty covers which were to go to Jinx. That first picture captured the attention of advertising men in Hollywood. Before she knew quite what had happened, Jinx was a fully-fledged model, first in the cinema city, later in New York.

DICK GORDON.

# Good Morning

Well, what do you think of them, C.P.O. Flack? Young Freddie's mighty proud of his sister, we can tell you. And there's no need to tell us that you're mighty proud of both of them.



## SIGNALMAN'S YEN FOR SUSAN

Do your eyes trouble you, Susan Peters? Because it seems they trouble Yeoman of Sigs. J. Gilbert, of H.M. Submarine "Clyde"! So much so that he asked us for a picture of you. And just as soon as "Good Morning's" bunt received the signal of distress, we acted. Hope you like it, pal.



## A VIEW OF SURREY? THAT'S NO WORRY!

The persistent bunting-tossler mentioned above thought he'd like a picture of Surrey to go next to the one of Susan. So here it is. It was taken somewhere near Godalming—roughly between "The Stag" at Eashing and the "White Lion" at Milford, we should guess.

Moral for Submariners: You ask for the pictures, we'll print 'em. No request, no can do.

## OUR CAT SIGNS OFF

"Ten more requests for my picture, this morning."

